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No cankerworm could have been crushed more ignobly than that first Shelley, with his voice curious, sweet, wild, almost savage in its strangeness, notwithstanding its beautiful modulations. It was the voice of a hermit-thrush, deep, bell-like, jubilant, from the heart of a wood haunted only by turtle-doves, skylarks, or wailing nightingales, who scattered at its first startling note. This was the Shelley upon whose neck the iron heel of *The Quarterly* of 1822 pressed with the contemptuous words, 'Mr. Shelley's poetry is, in sober sadness, drivelling prose run mad.' Sixty years or so later the same review, having forgotten—or swallowed—its own words, said, 'Shelley shows himself to be the unrivalled lord and master of lyric song!' This is Phase Second. The archangel is already not only forming in, but breaking from, the shell: the tips of his celestial plumes shine afar; the blaze of his archangelic eye already kindles as in Guido's sublime picture, and it is full of sibylline foresight. Phase Three is that of Mr. Salt in the Shelley Centenary pamphlet before us: complete prostration before the idol, entire self-abandonment to its charm and beauty, deification of it like that of an Augustus, translation to the skies like that of Enoch.

In all these phases and alternations there is an element of truth, of genuineness and of justice which one can follow and appreciate. Shelley was constitutionally imprudent: he did not care what he said or did; and what he said and did in the first quarter of this century appeared particularly shameless to the men and women, the Lord Chancellors and *Quarterlies*, the Giffords and Southey's of the hour. The tragical eclipse, at thirty, of so much genius brought about a reaction: men and women began to examine carefully what Shelley had really said and done. A life in many respects lovely and noble, a soul flaming with philanthropy, a domestic record scarred and scored with deep sorrows, a spirit always at white heat and buoyant with lyric impulses, fell out from between the scattered leaves of letter and anecdote and friendly reminiscence, and revealed a creature full of those 'veins of gold' which Plato, in his Republic, placed in the heart of his brightest intellectual class. A certain vibration of remorse went through the public for its misunderstanding of a nature so high, a gift so versatile, a philosophy erratic but emblematic enough of the day, a poetic grace so quenchless and so original. Articles and biographies came to be written, in which Shel-

ley's semi-celestial aspect began to dawn upon the public. His pathetic death, his strange burial and bale-fire on the Spezzian coast and in the Roman cemetery, and, lastly, the exceeding beauty of his verse, sweeping with its wild wings every chord of the many-chorded lyre, won for him the devotion of a small band of lovers, who followed their marvellous lord as his *Ithiasus* did the Bacchic god through all the round and revelling of his intoxicating music.

This was the prelude and preparation for the Shelley Society, the Shelley Centenary—and Mr. Salt's 'Principles.' In this are clearly shown the revolutionary nature of Shelley's theories, his broad humanitarianism, his socialistic tendencies, his pantheism, his opposition to the established customs of marriage in favor of a love-guarded 'free-love,' and his many plans for the welfare and regeneration of men: some or all of which are the common theme of editorial and dinner-party comment now; though then, when they were first enunciated in his prose writings, in 'Laon and Cythna,' in 'Queen Mab,' and in his other writings, they appeared particularly hideous and hopeless. Shelley, in many matters, simply anticipated his age by a century; apologies for him are no longer in fashion.

Heine's "Germany" *

THIS WORK was originally prepared for the purpose of giving the people of France a better idea of German literature and German thought, the author being at the time and ever after a resident of Paris. It was written in German, but first published in French, having been translated into that language under the author's supervision. When it came to be issued in German, the press censor struck out large portions of it, and as the manuscript was for a time lost, the work was not published in a complete form until many years later. It is from this complete German edition that Mr. Leland's translation has been made, though the reading of the French version has been in some cases preferred. English readers, therefore, will now have the opportunity of reading the entire work in their own language.

The book deals both with German literature and with German philosophy and religion, and in this volume at least the latter subjects are by far the most prominent. Heine held, and rightly, that literature cannot be understood without a knowledge of the ideas on which it is based; and he tells his French readers at the very outset that 'the products of our literature will remain for them silent flowers, and the whole spirit of German thought a barren repulsive riddle, so long as they are ignorant of the significance and meaning of religion and philosophy in Germany.' Hence the greater part of the present volume is devoted to an exposition of German religion in both its Catholic and its Protestant forms, and of German philosophy in its bearings on religious thought. The views of Christianity that Heine sets forth cannot in all cases be accepted as historically accurate, for he lays altogether too much stress on certain particular features; but his presentation of German philosophy and his estimate of its outcome, though not very profound, are in the main correct. The chief result of that philosophy, as he frankly states, is pantheism, and he fully recognizes that pantheism is only a soft name for atheism. Indeed, his own atheistic sentiments are expressed in this book in the coarsest manner, and in language that cannot fail to be repulsive to all serious minds. Such was his attitude toward religion in 1834, when this book was first published; but in a preface written in 1852, he tells us that he has gone back to the religion of the Bible, and that he will 'candidly confess that everything in this book which relates to the great question of God is as false as it was foolish.' For our part, we agree with Mr. Leland that it is difficult to understand what Heine ever did believe in. It is quite possible that he never seriously believed in anything.

* Shelley's Principles: Has Time Refuted or Confirmed Them? A Retrospect and Forecast. By Henry S. Salt. 12. William Reeves.

* Germany. Heinrich Heine. Vol. I. Translated by Charles G. Leland. John W. Lovell Co.

As regards the general merit of the book, we cannot pass so high a eulogy on it as Mr. Leland does, who thinks 'it is from beginning to end replete with deep and original thoughts of the kind from which entire essays or books can be made'; for though many of the author's thoughts are bright and suggestive, they are neither very deep nor highly original. Perhaps the best things in the book are the parallels drawn between classical and medieval literature and between the medieval and the modern. The remarks on religious and philosophical questions, which are thrust forward so prominently, are distinctly inferior in quality. On the other hand, the faults in the book, which are directly traceable to the author's moral character, are neither few nor slight. The chief of them is what Mr. Leland calls 'Heine's caprice, instability and self-will,' but which we should call a lack of moral principle. This defect shows itself not only in many specific passages, but still more in the general tone of the whole work. Heine's pantheism may, perhaps, be partly traceable to the same source. Of course the author's free love notions are made prominent; indeed, they are set forth at the very beginning, and form the basis of his attacks on Christianity. But the worst feature of Heine's character, which constantly appears through this volume, was his mean jealousy of his literary rivals. He wanted to be looked upon as the interpreter of German thought to the people of France, and as Cousin and Madame de Staël had played a similar rôle before him, he loses no opportunity to sneer at them and their work. His attacks on the brothers Schlegel are still worse, being not only mean but indecent, and there are passages in them that his publishers ought to have been ashamed to print. The book, in short—like the author's own character,—is a compound of good and bad qualities, and though it contains much that is interesting and suggestive, it cannot be accepted as a satisfactory account of German thought and literature.

Mr. Ford's Edition of Washington*

THE MESSRS. PUTNAM have nearly completed Mr. Ford's edition of the writings of the Father of his Country. Volume XIII., which is just ready, leaves one other volume only to be issued, and then we shall have what we never had before—an edition that can be called complete and un mutilated. Mr. Ford has permitted Washington's papers to stand as he wrote them. While much, perhaps, is to be said for Sparks's views of the duties and privileges of editors—and Mr. Ford is among those who have generously uttered some of these apologies—the only right course, according to the editorial ethics of our times, is the course Mr. Ford has pursued. The obligations which Washington's memory owes him are many and many also are the obligations that are due from the American people. But he will get his reward. Rarely does a man have the opportunity to link his name in this manner with an immortal one. Mr. Ford has fairly earned his eminence.

The first of the three volumes now under notice finds Washington still in civil life, free from the cares of State. Peace had actually come and the treaty had been signed and ratified a year or more before, and he was now seeking at Mount Vernon the repose he had long aspired to. And yet new cares had come upon him—those required by his long neglected estate. The earlier volumes had often contained letters to agents and relatives showing the great depreciation that had come upon his property and the rigid attention it needed from its owner. We find him writing in Vol. XI. that from an experience of more than twenty-five years he has learned 'that there is a very wide difference between getting tenants and getting rents.' And yet, out of office though he were, the fortunes of the State could not be wholly dismissed from his mind. Those were the times we know as 'the critical period' in our history, and it is interesting to find him declaring, a year after the peace was ratified, that

the Confederacy was 'little more than a shadow without the substance.' Unless something should be done the fabric, he thought, would fall. It was already 'tottering' and the whole country 'fast verging to anarchy and confusion.'

The reader cannot discover that Washington in those times was dreaming dreams of personal ambition. He wrote to John Jay that after having 'assisted in bringing the ship into port and having been fairly discharged,' it was not his business 'to embark again on a sea of troubles.' In this there is to be detected nothing of that familiar coyness with which the ambitious candidates of our times are wont to woo conventions. Washington meant what he said. Many men who were to follow in Washington's steps on the road to American greatness, are among those to whom letters in these volumes are addressed. Jefferson was written to frequently, and so were John Adams, Madison and Monroe. Gouverneur Morris, then a witness of the Revolution in France, claimed him as a correspondent, and so did his life-long friend, Richard Henry Lee. When Lafayette informed him of his intention to emancipate the slaves on an estate he had purchased in Cayenne, Washington congratulated him on the 'generous and noble proof of your humanity.' Arthur Young, the authority on French agriculture before the Revolution, was another of his correspondents. A letter from Washington proposes that Young take for long terms several of the Mount Vernon farms.

Among the letters in Volume XIII. is one to Gov. Trumbull, the original of Brother Jonathan, written just as Washington was about to lay down the cares of office for the last time. Indeed, this volume is most interesting reading because of its relation to the last years Washington spent as the executive chief of the country of which we are proud of calling him the Father.

Hamilton Aide's "Voyage of Discovery"*

LOVE AND ADVENTURE are the two genii of the international novel. One nation starts out to 'discover' another; one undiscovered half lingers on the horizon down yonder waiting for the voyager to come along and moor it into port, the haven of happy lovers. Sometimes the voyage is one impelled by the twin screws of scorn and curiosity, or of idleness and satiety, or of the search for 'types' and the satisfaction in novelties. A nation becomes so homogeneous, so Mongolian in its monotony, that it hates itself, and sets out in search of its opposite. The fire of France and the phlegm of Germany seek each other. The paler races seek the darker. The blue and the black eye, the Englishman and the American, the Slav and the Gaul, feel the subtle magnetisms of contrariety, and in obedience to the hidden laws of anthropology find the most potent and the most lasting charm in association.

Mr. Hamilton Aide is aware that quite delightful effects are possible by the same law in the realm of art. 'A Voyage of Discovery' is the exposition of the text of opposites attracting each other, of spiritual fascination exerted by one nation upon another, even though they be of the same blood. He gathers a group of such English and American antagonists picturesquely on the deck of an ocean steamer, and at last, in spite of their mutual repellencies, their international hostilities, their differences of rearing and of thought, resolves the discords into an ultimate harmony, and establishes amicable and even charming relations between the clear-cut and carefully selected types of the two races who figure in the book. Even before the party reach New York a treaty of peace dances in the distance; after they reach it, and particularly after his fine English brother and sister—Sir Mordaunt and Miss Grace Ballinger—domesticate themselves in the inner circles of Boston, a positive 'love-feast' begins, resisted, of course, at first, but succumbed to in the end, at least by the gallant Sir Mordaunt. The American society of New York is sketched with ex-

* The Writings of George Washington. Edited by Worthington C. Ford. Vols. XI, XII, and XIII. \$5 each. G. F. Putnam's Sons.

* A Voyage of Discovery: A Novel of American Society. By Hamilton Aide. \$1.25. Harper & Bros.

treme cleverness, and no less so that of Boston, beneath veils and disguises so diaphanous that one sees and recognizes the originals. There is a noble English girl whom one cannot help loving; keen little Dame Courtley, with her Leonardo da Vinci face and Bostonian omniscience; the pathetic glimpse of the dying Harvard professor; the Hurlstones and their 'brownstone' set; Quintin Ferrars, the morbid Southerner; and a bevy of bright American girls, each distinctly different in her way, and all flirting audaciously with the Baronet. Mr. Aldé individualizes the numerous faces in a way that makes them easily remembered. The English explorers sail in and out of the apparently endless seas of American life, perpetually discovering new things, new features, new oddities and admirations, new forms of Anglo (or anti-Anglomaniā), and also along with it a sturdy independence, a fearlessness, a refinement altogether unsuspected by John Bull. It would be cruel if Sir Mordaunt Ballinger escaped the nets of all the lovely and wily women whom he encounters, and upon whom he lavishes himself rather promiscuously. Of such stuff he is not made. His sister Grace, the heroine of the book, started with a prepossession already in her heart, and of course could not be expected to be unfaithful to it. The dialogue is often brilliant, and upon it float a great variety of international flotsam and jetsam, topics of pronunciation or usage, contrasted customs, and the like, giving a natural and vivid picture of international peculiarities.

"On the Plantation"

MR. THOMAS NELSON PAGE has delightfully chronicled the adventures of 'Two Little Confederates'; the same epic period now affords 'Uncle Remus' the opportunity of telling the story of *one* little Confederate, this time a Georgian, as contrasted with Mr. Page's Virginians. Verisimilitude runs all through these pages. The Southern war plantation is henceforth to be the background of its 'Tale of Troy,' the picturesque *mise-en-scène* of many a drama for many a rhapsode yet to come. Mr. Harris 'knows it like a book,' in its Georgian aspects at least, plain yet powerful in the simple forms of its tragedy and humor, in the exhibition of rural human nature, in the quaintness of its ways and manners, and in its threads and skeins of folk-lore. 'On the Plantation' is essentially a boy's book—written by an 'Old Boy,'—one familiar with slave life in its gentler associations and acquainted with the plantation as distinguished from the 'farm' of more northern latitudes. The plantation life is—and was—as different from the life of the farm as a river, broad, generous, brimming, is from a stream or streamlet,—as different as the wildwood from the placid garden. The enormous estates of the Southern planters generated an atmosphere, a local color, a rich, rounded experience often like those of the smaller principalities of Greece or Germany, and quite unlike the contracted prosaic doings on a farm-patch of a few hundred acres. The owner of a thousand slaves—we speak from knowledge—would associate with himself a chaplain and a physician; a beautiful chapel would be built and dedicated for the use of the family; miles of roads would be hewn out of the virgin forest for his teams to traverse; gin-houses on the various 'places' would seed the fleecy cotton; and hamlets of pretty cottages surrounded by gardens would dot the slopes of the undulating country and house the Africans after their toil in the sun.

It is of plantation life like this that Mr. Harris talks (autobiographically, it would seem) in this new Georgia book, which reproduces the sentiment of the plantation very perfectly, and recalls it from the dead in a way that makes it live again. For it is of the 'old plantation' that he speaks, and of his experiences there during the war as printer's devil in editing a country paper, and of the fox an 'possum hunts, and Christmas and its quaint revelries. The chapter called 'Tracking a Runaway' is a marvellous piece of word-paint-

ing, rivalled only by 'A Georgia Fox-hunt' in the same book. In these and in the poetical stories of the 'Owl and the Acorn' and such like Mr. Harris excels and is at his best—an epic story-teller who has stolen fire from the Arabians and is worthy to sit cross-legged beside them in a *khan* of Damascus.

Henley's "Song of the Sword"

EXCELLENT AS are many of the rhymes and rhythms in Mr. Henley's latest booklet of verse, they are not so striking as some of the work in the author's first collection. The unconventionality of form and method in which Mr. Henley so often indulges gives one an impression of great cleverness rather than of great poetic talent. This may not really be the case; and, if it be not, it is a pity that so much seriousness and genuineness of thought should be expressed in a manner so strange as to seem artificial. We have a sincere admiration for Mr. Henley's verse. His tendency to speak plainly does not disturb us, though occasionally he carries it to extremes where it loses its force and piquancy. His thought is vigorous and manly, his imagination is vivid, and in his lighter moods his fancy and sentiment are always graceful. He is a master of the mechanism of rhyme and rhythm, and he has all the tricks at his fingers' ends: at the same time he is the master of a thoughtful mind and writes to say something worth the saying. The finest work in 'The Song of the Sword' is in 'London Voluntaries,' but as it is impossible to do it justice by brief quotations we will quote this charming lyric instead:—

O Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!—
They glance and go as the great winds blow,
And the best of our dreams drive under:
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And, now they have looked and seen us,
O we that were dear are all too near
With the thick of the world between us.
O Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling!—
They end the song, they right the wrong,
They set the old echoes calling:
For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in peace of the Great Release
As once in the grass together.

Mr. Henley's rhymes seem to us better than his rhythms. They are more natural,—less Whitman and more Henley.

Language as a Test of Mind †

SCIENTIFIC MEN have long sought for that 'pearl of great price,' the true basis of anthropology, without as yet finding the genuine, among the many spurious, articles offered. There is old Blumenbach, with his fourfold division of the human race and his color-test, a test which has exerted a profound and disastrous effect on human society. There is the microscopist who examines human hair and finds sections of it arranged according to certain geometric lines, curves, or angles; and classifies accordingly. There is the rabid—and rapid—evolutionist who marches to the swift generalization that man is merely an ordinary animal, whose classification depends not on philology or hair or color of the cuticle, but on his physiology alone. And there is the brachy (and the dolicho) cephalic 'crank'—the craniologist—who bases everything on the long-headedness or short-headedness, the blue or the black, eye of a race.

What availeth all this? Has anthropology—the Science of Man—advanced a step out of this learned mire? Mr. Hale thinks not. In the acute and logical pamphlet before us he lays down the plausible proposition that language is the only true basis of this science, the twin pillars supporting the proposition being (1) that language—not hair, color, etc.—is the only certain test of the affinities of race, and

* On the Plantation: A Story of a Georgia Boy's Adventures During the War. By Joel Chandler Harris. \$2.50. D. Appleton & Co.

† The Song of the Sword. By W. E. Henley. \$1. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
‡ Language as a Test of Mental Capacity. By Horatio Hale. Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada.

(2) that language alone is the sure test of the mental capacity of a race. In this assumption he is supported by such eminent authorities as Max Müller and Dr. Brinton, Waitz, Duponceau, and Gallatin. The first of these arguments Mr. Hale discussed ingeniously in his paper on 'The True Basis of Ethnology' (*Popular Science Monthly*, January, 1888). The second is pursued with store of knowledge and illustration from the languages of barbaric peoples in the present essay. 'The grand characteristic which distinguishes man from all other mundane beings is articulate speech': such is the iterated keynote, the *leit-motif*, of this discussion. 'It is language alone which entitles anthropology to its claim to be deemed a distinct department of science.' 'Anthropology begins where mere brute life gives way to something widely different and indefinitely higher. It begins with that endowment which characterizes man, and distinguishes him from all other creatures. The real basis of the science is found in articulate speech, with all that this indicates and embodies. Solely by their languages can the tribes of men be scientifically classified, their affiliations discovered, and their mental qualities discerned. These premises compel us to the logical conclusion that linguistic anthropology is the only true science of man'!

These assertions are fortified with discerning remarks at every stage, and the reader is convinced that the science of man has a humanitarian as well as a so-called 'scientific' foundation; human races are linked together by languages, and are one in this common gift, a gift involving moral consequences of the gravest and highest, and a brotherhood universal, irrespective of creed or color.

Recent Fiction

SARAH MCLEAN GREENE, the author of 'Cape Cod Folks,' has just given us another book, called 'Vesty of the Basins,' which is almost if not quite as charming as the first. The scene is laid in the same section of the country and among the same people, and it has the same elements of humor and originality, the same development of purity and nobility in its characters which gave the other volume its attraction. The 'Basins' are free to live out their lives according to their own ideas of right and wrong, for they have reached those cheerful depths where there is no social status to maintain; so low as to be expected to do, or attempt to do, whatever might be asked of them, even though failure plunged them into further abasement. The flower of this primitive stock is Vesty, beautiful to look upon and lovable by nature, the idol of this strangely constructed community in which she lives. There is, of course, a strong element of improbability in the fact of an English nobleman being willing to settle down for years in the Basin, living the simple life of the people and letting them suppose that he is as poor and humble as themselves. But he is a cripple, and the Basins take him into their hearts and make him one of themselves, loving him for his own sake, a fact that to him covers all the pitiful accident and despair of a maimed, halting, birth-marked universe. 'Mine is thine if thou needest it, even my life,' is ever the code of the Basins, and he realizes that before such a spirit the admission of worldly rank and wealth were tawdry. He is only a Basin by adoption, but they teach him many things before he returns to his inheritance with Vesty for his wife—among others not to be moody and solitary and selfish, if he would, but to take life as a sweet, stern task and to fulfill its obligations. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

THE SCENE of Hannah Lynch's story, 'Daughters of Men,' is laid in Athens among the modern Greeks. Greek hatred of Turkey and the Turks is the chief motive of the book—a hatred national in its character and entirely justifiable under ordinary circumstances, but unwarranted in this individual instance. A Turk, taking up his abode permanently in Athens, decides to conceal his nationality in order to obtain an entrée into the best class of Greek society. By this means he makes the acquaintance of a charming young woman whose father is a scholar steeped in all the traditions, both ancient and modern, of his native land. The girl has been taught that the enemies of her people are her enemies, and that interest in or affection for them is an impossible thing. All this, however, has no effect upon the love with which the Turk has inspired her, and which only becomes the stronger after his identity has been proclaimed. She appeals to her father to give his consent to their union, but he is obdurate, and the remainder

of the story is made up of the vicissitudes through which the young people pass. The pictures of life in modern Athens in the opening chapters are well drawn, and the outlook for the interest of the book here is very promising. It is not well sustained though, and the impression of things and people received towards the close is rather confused. (\$1.25. United States Book Co.)

THE OPENING SCENE of Miss Braddon's new novel, 'The Venetians,' takes place in Danielli's celebrated restaurant in Venice. Refused admittance here, an Englishman and two Venetian women whom he has brought with him from a country fête obtain a genuine Italian dinner at the Sign of the Black Hat. The dinner ends in a very unlooked-for quarrel between the Englishman and the lover of one of these women—a quarrel which results in the murder of the latter by the former. The Englishman flees for his life, and returns to his sister's home in Hampshire, England. There he meets and falls in love with a young girl who ultimately consents to be his wife. Later on, after the engagement has been announced, our hero goes to the theatre one evening, and discovers his Venetian acquaintance in the chorus of the troupe. She recognizes him also, and makes an appointment with him for the next day. He, thinking that his story is going to be told, or that he is going to be subjected to a system of blackmail, keeps the engagement with fear and trembling. The woman agrees to keep his secret, even after hearing that he is going to be married, though her own affection for him is at the bottom of her desire to shield him. He is married, and for two years he and his wife are happy. At the end of that time the secret leaks out and causes endless trouble. The story is dramatic, and well told at times, but at others it is a trifle overwrought, and runs into sensationalism. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

HAVING WRITTEN one or two unusual things which have taken with the public, chiefly because of the unusual line of thought displayed in them, the conviction probably forces itself on an author's mind, as it has on Anstey's, that every effort of his pen must be something startling. Some such idea as this must have been uppermost in Mr. Anstey's thoughts when he wrote the volume of short stories which has just appeared under the title of 'The Talking Horse.' This being the first story in the volume, the reader is apt to undertake it without question, and, through it, to conceive a disgust for the book and a feeling of impatience with himself for having been inveigled into wasting his time upon it. The element of absurdity enters largely into all of Anstey's work; it is what one expects and is prepared for, but in this instance it has gone beyond all bounds, and has ceased to be amusing. The other stories in the volume are not so bad. There is one, called 'A Matter of Taste,' which is decidedly amusing, containing as it does many of the everyday experiences of life. (\$1.25. United States Book Co.)—'FROM SCHOOL-ROOM TO BAR' is a novel by W. H. W. Moran; at least it is so described on the title-page, but it proves to be a tame and uninteresting account of a man's life from his childhood up. His people hold certain ideals before his eyes, and tell him they expect him to sustain the reputation of the family and be a credit to them. According to their verdict he accomplishes the feat, but the reader's verdict on his career will be much less enthusiastic. It is a commonplace existence, all very well in that its duty is fulfilled; but there is nothing to comment upon. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

DICK WAS A STURDY little fellow brought up in barracks. His father was a sergeant, and when his regiment was ordered out to India Dick was left behind in England for fear of the dreadful fever. So he went to live with good farmer Yelf who was his uncle. In 'The Story of Dick' Major Gambier Parry has told how the little fellow got on in his new life with his new aunt, who couldn't abide him, and his little cousin of his own age, who had been mollycoddled out of all resemblance to boys whose fathers were soldiers and had gone to the wars. The life the industrious little Dick led his cousin, drilling him behind the barn, the many ideas he put in his little head, the destruction that he wrought to the little civilian's ornamental clothes and long curly hair because they were unfitted to the state of being a future soldier, were very amusing to the good farmer and winning to the small cousin, but utterly abhorrent and terrifying to the bewildered mother, who saw her cherished boy-girl brandishing a wooden sword and giving marching orders. The tale is told with spirit and incident; yet deep in our hearts we are sure no boy was ever so perfect, so winning, so forgiving and so unselfish—was never made in fact to bring his elders to a realizing sense of their own shortcomings and his equals to an admiring effort at emulation. We long for more records of child life like 'The Story of a Bad Boy,' where we feel sure that a certain amount of error in his 'make-up' will keep the hero hu-

man and alive through a long life, and not leave him to be snatched away early in his career to be an example to the angels. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

'A YOUNGER SISTER,' by the author of 'Mile. Mori' and 'The Atelier du Lys,' is a colorless tale, written in limpid English, of a family who always underestimated the character and faithfulness of the younger daughter—a girl of eighteen years. She was considered discontented and unmanageable and selfish because she wanted to accept an opportunity offered her to perfect herself in Greek and mathematics, and to this end was willing to leave her pleasant placid home where her father took long walks arm in arm with her older sister to whom he confided all the platitudes of a narrow mind. All the praise and glory of devotion to her father's wishes are bestowed upon the elder sister, who paints saxifrage with unerring skill while her impetuous younger sister pleads in vain for a little sympathy and understanding from her. In the end it is the elder daughter, the companion and mainstay of her father, who marries and goes away to live in a distant land almost immediately on the receipt of a proposal for her hand, while the other, tolerated rather than beloved, makes at that moment a voluntary sacrifice, without letting any one know it, to stay at home with the deserted father. The story is very naturally told, albeit the characters of the two sisters are made so dramatically different as to point a moral with some insistence. (\$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)

'CALMIRE,' an anonymous publication, is the sincere book of a strong man. Although in novel form it is in purpose and effect an essay co-extensive in scope with the vital questions of morality, duty and religion. The author is equipped with accurate knowledge of the present status of advanced thought, and has moreover a keen personal apprehension of its strong and weak points. The lighter parts, which treat of marriage and many other social questions, are conceived in a happy vein and expressed with wit and considerable epigrammatic force. In the religious development, the destructive stage is succeeded by the constructive, or more properly substitutive—one which may be loosely described as a footnote to modern theology in these words:—'N.B. For God, wherever it occurs, read Good.' The most forceful part of the book is where the hero, Muriel, while idealizing in his love the heroine, Nina, becomes the father of a child by a hap-hazard relation with another woman. His moral despondency and the correspondence that ensues with his uncle evolve a philosophy based upon Goethe and tested by Schopenhauer—with a suggestion of W. H. Mallock in its make-up. The book is full of clever sayings, and the writing is so knowing and sincere one does not regret the 750 pages. Here are two of the random good things:—'Proverbs are generally too terse to express more than one side of a truth.' 'Happiness depends almost as much upon the capacity to ignore some things as the capacity to enjoy others.' 'Calmire' will without doubt find appreciative readers, and be heard from again. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

IT IS TO BE HOPED that the twenty-four authors who have put their heads together to settle 'The Fate of Fenella' will never 'do it again.' The cultivation of fiction on shares must be an exhaustive process, likely to leave one without a sensation to bless oneself with. The reader's case is worse, if anything; for after this 'extraordinary novel,' there is nothing left for him but to turn to the daily press, where he will find a still greater variety of murders, scandals, burnings, imprisonments, hypnotic trances, and so forth, from the pens of a still greater number of eminent writers of fiction, who modestly call themselves 'reporters.' Whether it can be well for the publishers to kill off both authors and readers at this rate, we may leave them to determine, merely suggesting that they first reperuse the delightful old fable of the goose with the golden eggs. Fenella's 'hair, gloves, and shoes were tan-color,' the first of the two dozen tells us; 'and closely allied to tan, too, was the tawny, true tiger tint of her hazel eyes.' The publishers draw attention to the exquisite humor of the final scene, in which, after the sudden death of her husband, Fenella and her lover go to meet her son, Romney, and his goat-chaise. Between Helen Mathers's symphony in tan-color and Mr. Anstey's brilliant conception of the goat-chaise, Fenella is jealous, with cause; a flirt, and something more; a heroine who accuses herself of murder to save her hypnotic husband from the consequences of his deed; and, in short, suffers as is inevitable from her dreadful position as heroine to twenty-four writers at once. We should say that the book is a good one to take on a canoe trip, to drop, leaf by leaf, or all together, over the side of the boat. (\$1. Cassell Pub. Co.)

MISS MARION J. BRUNOWE has something of Jean Ingelow's happy faculty of bringing together in one plot commonplace and romantic incidents with just so much force as is needed to strike fire from them. The gift is rare enough, in any degree, to be noticeable. 'The Sealed Packet' is a story of school days. The heroine, Nita Garland, a bright, impulsive girl, has a host of friends among scholars and teachers, and two enemies—a mysterious tramp who follows her in her walks, and an anxious school fellow who ingeniously turns against her the circumstances of mystery in which she is placed. All is happily explained when, on her eighteenth birthday, Nita is, at last, free to read the sealed packet left by her father, and which tells of the disappearance of her mother—the first of a long chapter of accidents in which that worthy lady is concerned. The plot involves numerous improbabilities; but, as the characters, who, though not yet out of school, are alive and endowed with the usual amount of wit, take them for fact, why, the reader has to do likewise. This is a book for girls; some day Miss Brunowe may favor us with a simple transcript from life, which will be read by everyone. (Phila.: H. L. Kilner & Co.)

SOME ONE HAS SAID that to be a humorist it is necessary only to have a disposition to seriousness and not to give way to it. The definition leaves out of view that American humor which comes of a disposition to seriousness spurred to the uttermost. Our brightest jokes are those that tell of deepest thought. We are a nation of laughing philosophers. That Mr. Dan Beard's 'Moonblight' has its share of this serious quality is evident at a glance. He exaggerates for a purpose, like a stump speaker or a popular preacher. His extravaganza is an arraignment of the first-born of Egypt and an essay in aid of Mr. Henry George through the medium of a philosophical barkeeper, a miraculously enlightened mine-owner and a professor who is willing to be instructed by these two. He restates the Georgian arguments with all the license of a writer of fiction and a professed humorist. Being as clever with the pencil as with the pen, he shows us, in one of his illustrations the polar regions and a few deserts 'to let at moderate rentals' as the sum of opportunity now open to industrious and enterprising Americans. A meeting of mine-owners is pictured as a flock of condors. That the conservative is the true agitator is shown by a picture of a fixed rock in a stream causing a great tumult of the waters. The procession that moves along the old and beaten paths has the fighting savage in the van and the bloated bondholder in the rear. The moon is held up as a shining example to the gas-light companies, charging nothing, not even putting in a metre. That some of this nonsense will stick is, no doubt, to Mr. Beard's mind, the cream of the fun. Some truth will stick with it; and he may maintain that there are many who can receive no new ideas unless thus grotesquely presented. 'Six Feet of Romance' is the title of a shorter fantasy, included in the same volume apparently without serious intention, and, perhaps on that account, less amusing. (Charles L. Webster & Co.)

Minor Notices

'LANCASHIRE,' by Mr. Leo H. Grindon, who has already written much and well on that part of England, is made up of historical and descriptive papers contributed to *The Portfolio* some ten years ago, and now somewhat enlarged and carefully revised. It gives the leading characteristics of the country; a history of its cotton manufacture and other industrial interests; its peculiarities of character, dialect, and pastimes, sketches of its scenery, ancient castles, monastic buildings, churches, and baronial halls; and its natural history, fossils, etc. It is elegantly printed and well illustrated with views of town and country, lake district and seashore, old and modern architecture, and pictures of life in mill, machine-shop, smelting-works, and marine-dock. It gives a graphic idea of this busy district, connected with the whole world through the medium of its shipping and manufactures, and particularly interesting to Americans as the portion of 'our old home' with which the majority of tourists first become acquainted. (\$2. Macmillan & Co.)

MR. LAURENCE HUTTON's 'Literary Landmarks of London,' first published in 1885, has long been recognized as an indispensable *vade mecum* for the cultivated tourist in the great metropolis. The eighth edition, just issued, has been carefully revised, a number of supplementary notes have been added, and the book has in all respects been brought down to the present day. A new feature is the insertion of seventy-four portraits of authors mentioned in the work. Every effort has been made to secure accuracy, and the information given is no less exact than comprehensive. The task was in some respects peculiarly perplexing, on account of the disappearance of old houses, the re-naming and re-numbering of

streets, and the many other changes that have taken place in the growth of the city; but Mr. Hutton has succeeded not only in gathering a great deal of interesting matter which has never been printed before, but also in correcting many mistakes in earlier books on London. The two elaborate indexes—of persons and of places—filling thirty-six double-columned pages, render the volume extremely convenient for reference. It is not merely a delightful companion for the traveller, but a valuable contribution to English literary history. (\$1.75. Harper & Bros.)

'FRANCE OF TO-DAY,' by Miss M. Betham-Edwards, who has the title of 'Officier de l'Instruction de France,' aims to give a compact description of rural, social, and economic France as it now is. The author says that she has 'adopted two principles' in the undertaking. In the first place, she has described the country as seen with her own eyes, 'and this rule is rigidly adhered to.' In the second place, her review is, 'in some degree, a comparative and retrospective one, glancing back from time to time at the great landmark of modern French history, the polestar of modern universal history, the great Revolution.' The present volume of about three hundred pages deals with the provinces of Bourbonnais, Auvergne, Velay, Languedoc, Pyrénées, Anjou, Poitou, Gascoigne, and Berry, with the Vosges, Alsace-Lorraine, Franche Comte, Burgundy, and Le Morvan. The other portions of the country are to be described in a future work. The treatment is both honest and able, and if not exhaustive—which it could not be in the space taken for it—is sufficiently comprehensive for the purposes of the general reader, and, we may say, for the average student of history, sociology, and political economy. (\$1.25. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

MR. C. F. KEARY'S 'Norway and the Norwegians' comes opportunely when the current of summer travel is setting more and more strongly towards the Scandinavian peninsula and the 'Land of the Midnight Sun,' and when the political agitation in the country is attracting the attention and the sympathetic interest of our people who long ago solved the problem which the descendants of the Vikings are now striving to work out. The land and the people are well described; the old literature—the Edda and its mythology, and the Sagas—is discussed and illustrated; the history of the country is sketched from the earliest times down to our day; and the existing institutions, laws, customs, system of education, and religion are duly considered. Maps of 'historic Norway' and of the 'Scandinavian Settlements in Northern Europe in the 10th and 11th Centuries' are added, with a few pictorial illustrations of the architecture and flora of the region. (\$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.)—POPULAR STUDIES OF NINETEENTH CENTURY POETS, by Mr. J. M. Mather, is a series of lectures to workingmen, printed 'without material alteration' for a similar class of readers. They deal with 'Wordsworth the Naturalist,' 'Shelley the Idealist,' 'Byron the Pessimist,' 'Hood the Humorist,' 'Tennyson the Moodist,'—that is, though we might not get the idea from the heading, 'the poet of moods,' who 'is in touch with every sensation common to the heart of man, woman, and child,'—'Browning the Optimist,' etc. The bulk of the lectures is made up of analyses of particular poems, with incidental criticism of a somewhat commonplace sort, but perhaps not unsuited to the capacity of those to whom it is addressed. (F. Warne & Co.)

Magazine Notes

THE August *Century* is not only a Midsummer Holiday number: it might almost be called a New England Coast number. Mr. Aldrich's 'Sea Longings,' voiced in fine blank-verse, are the expression of a sentiment traceable to his long residence on the Massachusetts shore; Mr. Stedman's scholarly poem, 'A Sea Change,' beautifully embellished with pictures by Will H. Low, sings, with classic allusions innumerable, of what the poet sees from the trellised loggia of his gray stone dwelling at New Castle, N. H.; and Celia Thaxter, a dweller in the Isles of Shoals, which come within the scope of Mr. Stedman's vision, has a sonnet here to a Boston singer; while Reginald Cleveland Cox celebrates with pen and pencil the shifting scenes 'In Gloucester Harbor'; and 'My Shell,' from which the Rev. Theodore Williams draws a happy moral, doubtless caught the poet's eye on the beach somewhere between Cape Cod and North East Harbor. But Virginia Frazer Boyle's fishing-smack was not 'Beached' on cis-Atlantic sands; nor is Honoré Beaugrand's 'Chasse Galerie' paddled through the clear ether of New England skies. The poetry of the month is far above the average of magazine verse, being contributed by Mr. Stedman, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Gilder, Frank Dempster Sherman, Mr. Cheney, Mr. Williams, Mrs. Thaxter *et al.*; and it is fitting that it should be so, in a number having as its frontispiece

a portrait of Shelley, Mr. Woodberry's appreciative study of 'Shelley's sympathies with the next ages, and the vitality of his energy in the forces that advance mankind,' to say nothing of the sixth of Mr. Stedman's papers on 'The Nature and Elements of Poetry.' Pathetic interest attaches to Anne Reeve Aldrich's graceful stanzas, 'Let the Dream Go,' from the death of the poet only the other day. Seasonableness is not the only charm imputable to Mr. Burroughs's 'Glimpses of Wild Life,' nor to C. A. Kenaston's 'Great Plains of Canada.' A paper that would seem out of keeping in this number, were it not for the suggestive signature of Mr. Stockton, is 'The Philosophy of Relative Existences.' The opening article describes an 'Ascent of Fuji the Peerless,' by Mabel Loomis Todd.

Edward Everett Hale's 'A new England Boyhood,' in the August *Atlantic*, tells of the Boston of seventy years ago, a big village, proud of its 'nine blocks of buildings' and its swinging hotel signs. Dr. W. E. Griffis gives the chief praise for the opening of Japan to Townsend Harris, the first American Minister admitted by the Shogunate. Bradford Torrey writes of 'The Passing of the Birds,' and a member of the Contributors' Club of 'The Migrations of the Butterflies.' Mr. W. Cranston Lawton's translations from the Persians of *Æschylus*, in the original metres, have something of a ludicrous effect, partly, no doubt, owing to the too obvious cadence—just as the first few bars of the 'Dead March' in 'Saul' always provoke a smile—partly to his choppy English. He seems to dislike his author's bolt-fastened, horsehair-crested words, 'as big as bulls'; at any rate, he makes no attempt to imitate them. Mr. W. J. Stillman's 'The Revival of Art' is written from an ultra-idealistic standpoint. His view is a wrong one, like all extreme views about art. No one is more sane, more strictly follows the wholesome middle way in all his mental processes than the artist. But the writer's error is opposed to the vulgar one of the extreme realist, and his essay may therefore do some good. But he labors under a complete misapprehension of the methods and aim of modern art teaching, at least in the best schools. Vida D. Scudder continues her analysis of Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound,' and Edmund Clarence Stedman pays a poetic tribute to the poet on the occasion of his birthday, the fourth of August. There are short reviews of Dr. Furness's New Variorum edition of 'The Tempest,' and of Matilde Serao's 'Il Paese di Cuccagna.'

Mr. Besant, in the August *Forum*, prefaces his remarks on 'Literature as a Career' with the declaration that he speaks only of the literary career as it exists in England. Yet most of what seems solid in his article will apply just as well to this country. Literature is not organized like other professions here any more than in England. The publisher no more considers himself as 'agent' for the producer in the one country than he does in the other. It appears to be about as difficult to earn a living by the pen here as it is there. It is likely that none of the reforms Mr. Besant proposes would be particularly acceptable to the only class of writers for whom the public cares, or ought to care—those who have something to say. They all appear to be no worse off than other producers are who cannot directly dispose of their goods to the consumers. 'Why we Have so Few Good Roads,' according to ex-Gov. J. A. Beaver of Pennsylvania, is because we do not employ competent persons to build and keep them in repair. We should pay road taxes in money, not in work. Private persons may sometimes do a great deal to help forward the cause of good roads by keeping a few miles of roadway in first-class condition. Prof. William James's article, 'What Psychical Research has Accomplished,' is curious, but he does not show any very positive results.

In the August *North American Review* M. Jules Claretie, apropos of Maupassant, discusses the subject of 'The Shudder in Literature' in English, which causes a shudder in the reader—*un frisson nouveau*, as Hugo said of Baudelaire's poetry. M. Claretie thinks it dangerous, at any rate for a Frenchman, to write fantastic tales like Maupassant's 'Le Horla,' or to have dealings, like M. Huysmans, with 'groups of the unbalanced seeking "the beyond" in the dark practices of the black mass.' The hot weather seems to have affected the controversialists of the *Review*. Col. Ingersoll accuses the whole American people of ingratitude for their treatment of Tom Paine; *Blackwood* has, it appears, been describing New York society as even worse than that of London, and Gail Hamilton repels the attack with every weapon that happens to be at hand, hurling Isaiah and the Prophets, Lady Jeune and Lady Somerset, American silver and protection at the offender's head; Archibald Forbes takes Hay and Nicolay to task for bestowing injudicious praises on General Hooker; Lady Balfour disposes of Lady Jeune's charges as 'intemperate and exaggerated'; and the Duke of Argyll, writing on 'English Elections and Home Rule,' has few words to say of the English elections, but many on the singular fact of his having once been in the right

(a good many years ago) on a question of public interest. In short, those who believe in fighting fire with fire, consuming hot and peppery meases as the thermometer rises into the 'nineties,' should find the current number of the *Review* very much to their taste. It is stimulating to think of what must happen when Col. Ingersoll reads Giovanni Amadi's article on 'The Pope at Home.' And the political articles, 'Two Congresses Contrasted,' by ex-Speaker Reed, and 'Party Conventions,' by Senator John T. Morgan, are not calculated to lower the temperature appreciably. Even Major Powell, who lets in 'Our Recent Floods,' hardly succeeds in doing so.

Mr. Theodore Child is quite in his element in his article on 'Literary Paris' in the August *Harper's*. He has to deal with the originators of the contemporary literary movement, or movements, in France,—with Renan, de Goncourt, Zola, and the new group of poets known as the Symbolists. Renan is, to him, the chief literary light of the period, and Renanism the most powerful and pervasive influence. The tendency is towards minute attention to delicate shades of difference in matters small and near, to vagueness and indecision in matters of more importance. Mr. Child would, himself, be a Renanist of the first water but for his constant dread of the dear public which compels him to take sides where, it is evident, he would much rather remain neutral. Among the portraits which illustrate the article are two excellent studies by P. Renouard, one of 'Renan in his Study,' which serves as frontispiece to the number, and one of M. Anatole France. A pleasantly contrived love-story, 'Troth,' by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, follows Mr. Child's article. Constance Fenimore Cooper writes of 'Corfu,' of the stream where Nausicaa superintended the family washing, and of good Bishop Spiro, whose skeleton, in its silver coffin, is found after every storm to have its legs wrapped in seaweed, showing that the saint has been out on life-saving service. Mr. Millet's account of his canoe trip down the muddy and reedy Danube is ended. There is a timely illustrated article on artificial ice; and one on the Italian army, with sketches of its picturesque *bersaglieri*, Alpine infantry and plumed cuirassiers, Lowell's critique of Webster, the Elizabethan dramatist, compares him with Hugo and with Alfred de Musset; but Webster had no form, and dealt more exclusively in merely physical horrors.

Henry James, in a considering mood, but without his 'considering cap'—which brings into view the deforested region at the back of his head—occupies the frontispiece of the August *Cosmopolitan*. It is a faithful likeness, save for a certain scragginess of the beard: Mr. James is really as well groomed as the Prince of Wales, to whom he bears some resemblance. Hamlin Garland describes in his characteristic manner the humors of 'Salt-Water Day.' Mr. Brander Matthews, in an article on 'Books about German and French Literature,' polishes off Mr. Keene's 'The Literature of France,' and punishes, but with less severity, Mr. George Saintsbury, for his 'History of French Literature.' Mr. Matthews is a hard hitter, but may be in some danger of becoming a mere bruiser if he practises too much on those tough British hides. He sighs for a History of English Literature written by an Alexandrian Greek, 'a contemporary of Theocritus.' Why not by Theocritus himself? We might then know what he meant by his 'parched-up mouth of the muses,' and his opinion of Mr. Lang's translation. 'Bridges and Bridge-Builders' from Brooklyn to Venice are illustrated by Peter Macqueen, and the Philippine Islands by Rufus Allen Lane; Mr. Wm. M. Chase illustrates a Spanish story, 'Anita,' by Marion Wilcox; Alfred Veit displays some 'Curiosities of Musical Literature'; and D. C. Beard illustrates 'The Romance of Gloves.'

'The Newspaper of the Future,' according to Mr. John A. Cockerill, in *Lippincott's* for August, will be housed in a marble palace, like the Chicago *Herald*, with doors that can never be closed; will have pneumatic tubes going everywhere, a constant rotation of editors, and marble bath-tubs for the stereotypers. The youthful journalist who desires to learn how to make copy with the least expenditure of time and thought will do well to study the article attentively. The novelette of the number is 'The Martlet Seal,' by Jeanette H. Walworth; and there is a thrilling short story, 'The Indian's Hand,' by Lorimer Stoddard. The illustrations show an improvement over previous efforts.—The regular monthly report of the Progress of the World in the August *Review of Reviews* is as trenchant and satisfactory as usual. Dr. Shaw early overcame any tendency he may ever have felt to make this department of the magazine a perfunctory review of the happenings of the month: it is always crisp, clear, explicit, and sufficiently terse to enable the reader to 'keep the run' of things without the slightest waste of time. Mr. George F. Parker's Character Sketch of ex-President Cleveland shows the familiarity with its subject to be expected of the compiler of the letters

speeches and state papers, and is couched in the laudatory language proper to the occasion. Perhaps its most interesting paragraphs are those relating to the conscientious zeal that impels the Democratic leader when in office to give as much time and labor to the details of public business as a money-grubber would devote to the accumulation of a fortune. 'How to Learn a Language' is a characteristically plain and vigorous bit of writing by Prof. Blackie, who advises the beginner to use his ears and tongue in preference to his eyes whenever possible. 'University Education for Women' contains many auspicious reports; and the whole number bristles with portraits of contemporaneous notabilities.

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Home and Haunts of Shakespeare.—Three numbers (7-9) of this magnificent serial have been issued since it was last noticed in these columns; and they are in all respects up to the high standard of their predecessors. Two are specially devoted to Stratford, and the full-page photographs include charming views of Holy Trinity Church, outside and inside (the chancel with the poet's grave and monument), the porch of the Guild Chapel, the Grammar School, the old Clopton Bridge, and a brook in the neighborhood with a venerable willow growing aslant it, as where poor Ophelia met her death. The water-colors are an illustration of 'It was a love and his lass,' strolling in the meadows on the bank of the Avon, and a typical old garden—both exquisite in their way. The third number deals with 'the silvery Avon,' and the water-color is another lovely view of the winding stream, with another lover and his lass, not of the peasant type in old-time dress, but as we may see them on any fine summer day now in one of the many pleasure-boats that enliven the lazy river between the ancient bridge and the churchyard. The photographs are 'Waiting for the Ferry,' an 'Old Lock at Welford,' and 'A Favorite Walk' along the bank. There are besides about thirty smaller illustrations in the text—picturesque bits of architecture in the town and scenery about the river—all executed in the same faultless style, and themselves 'well worth the price of the work.' The text is in keeping with the pictures, containing much that is fresh and interesting, though the subject is so trite. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. To be completed in 15 parts, at \$2.50 each.)

Mr. W. F. C. Wigston's 'Columbus of Literature.'—The 'Columbus' is Francis Bacon, and this is the fifth volume Mr. Wigston has written in support of the notion that the Shakespeare plays should be reckoned among the philosopher's works. It repeats not a little that is given in the other books concerning the supposed connection of Bacon with the Rosicrucians, and the existence of a 'cipher' like unto Donnelly's in 'The Advancement of Learning'; and nothing that I can discover in a hasty examination of the contents is added to the arguments previously advanced in support of these theories. 'The Tempest,' the 'Comedy of Errors,' and 'Measure for Measure' are discussed at much length. The opening sentence of the chapter on the 'Errors' may be quoted as a specimen of the whole:—

The object of this chapter is to briefly point out how Bacon, in the 'Comedy of Errors,' has symbolized the workings of the *Will and Understanding*, in accordance with the emblems of Bacchus, the vine, —typical of passion and vice, and in harmony with his text of the 'De Augmentis,' concerning *ethic (sic) and logic*, and also in parallel context with his fable of the *Syrens or Pleasures*.

I venture to say that the reader never suspected this of the 'Errors'; and he may be curious to learn how it is demonstrated, together with many other propositions equally novel and startling. The book in which he will find it all is published by Messrs. F. J. Schulte & Co. of Chicago.

Two Books by Mr. William Winter.—The first is entitled 'Shadows of the Stage,' and contains twenty-eight papers 'chosen out of hundreds that the author has written on dramatic subjects.' A large part of the book has to do with the plays of Shakespeare as rendered by Henry Irving, Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Salvini, Adelaide Neilson, Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson, Ada Rehan, and others. Incidentally a good deal of shrewd criticism of the characters personated is given. There is also much valuable matter in the stage history of the plays—'Cymbeline,' the 'Merry Wives' and the two parts of 'Henry IV,' (with particular reference to the Falstaffs of the stage), the 'Merchant,' etc. The 'Merchant,' by the way, as we learn here, was the first play that was ever acted in America at a regular theatre and by a regular theatrical company. The date was September 5, 1752, and the place was Williamsburg, Va. It is added, how-

ever, that, according to some authorities, Cibber's version of 'Richard III.' was performed by a regular company in a large room in Nassau Street, New York, on the 5th of March, 1750. 'All the same, it appears to have been Shakespeare's mind that started the dramatic movement in America.' The book is published by Macmillan & Co. in the same neat form as the new revised edition of the author's 'Shakespeare's England,' which I have aforetime commended to the readers of *The Critic*, and particularly as a pocket companion (it is small enough for that) in their touring through the parts of England associated with Shakespeare, Byron, Gray, Coleridge, and other men of literary or historical note. It costs only seventy-five cents.

Those 'Scamels of the Rock' Again.—It seems that Dr. Furnivall was wrong, as the best of us occasionally are, in assuming that the information he copied from the London *Daily News* concerning the 'scamels' was new. Mr. J. P. Lamberton, of Philadelphia, writes that, in the article on the godwit in the ninth edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' (1879), the following statement occurs:—

One of the local names by which the bar-tailed godwit is known to the Norfolk gunners is scamel—a word which, in the mouth of Caliban ('Tempest,' act ii. scene 2), has been the cause of much perplexity to Shakespearian critics.

There is a note to the same effect four or five years earlier than this, in Stevenson's 'Birds of Norfolk,' cited by Mr. Aldis Wright in his edition of 'The Tempest.' He adds:—'But as this bird is not a rock-breeder, it cannot be the one intended in the present passage if we regard it as an accurate description from a naturalist's point of view. We must suppose therefore either that the description is not strictly accurate, or that in Shakespeare's time the word *scamel* may have had a wider application.' The latter is possible, but we may suppose that the poet had simply heard of the bird as one found on the shores of Norfolk and did not inquire particularly as to its habits. If it had been a Warwickshire bird, he would have known all about it.

Song

IS IT for her fairness thou dost love her?
Is it for her sweetness, as of clover?
Or is it for the gentleness
That makes each glance a chaste caress
Which holds aloof yet still doth bless
Her luckless lover?

O no! 'tis not alone that she is fair,
'Tis not because her sweetness is so rare,—
'Tis not for this or that one thing,
But for the constant blossoming
Of all Love's flowers, from Spring to Spring,
In her pure air.

JOSEPH KIRKBRIDE.

The Lounger

IT WAS RAINING, as it had been for the past month, and I was in the country, and was looking about me for something to read. At my desk, which stands at some distance from the window, it was too dark to write with comfort, so I pulled my chair close up to the window, against which the rain was beating, and then went over to the bookcase to find some easy reading until the storm should pass over. There are times when one does not feel like 'stiff' reading—when he has only a few moments to give to the enjoyment of a book, and cannot put himself *en rapport* with the giants of literature. This was one of those times with me, and I went to the bookcase, knowing well enough the sort of book I wanted, but not the particular volume. The first glance, however, showed it standing on the second shelf in the corner nearest my hand—Ik Marvel's 'Wet Days at Edgewood'! What could be more appropriate? Here was the wet day, and here was Edgewood—not Ik Marvel's farm, but mine, though that is not the name of it. The 'First Day' begins:—'It is raining; and being indoors, I look out from my library-window, across a quiet country-road, so near that I could toss my pen into the middle of it.'

SO FAR THE SITUATION was identical. It was raining, and I could 'look out across a quiet country road,' and so near, too, that I could 'toss my pen into the middle of it,' had I been so inclined. Other features of the landscape were alike, also; so that I found the book in sympathy with the scene as well as with my mood. As one goes on the scene shifts from Edgewood to Greece, from Greece to Rome, to southern France, to England, the author

culling bits here and there from all the old worthies who wrote on subjects relating to the farm. It is a delightful book, and as it is raining now, I shall take it up again, and, beginning at the fourth day, read Mr. Mitchell's account of Piers Plowman, 'The Farmer of Chaucer's Time,' and other charming bits, wandering through green pastures and old English homes in the very best of company. So wet days have their pleasures elsewhere as well as at Edgewood.

WHEN MISS EDITH THOMAS once paid me the compliment of a brief visit at my country home, then temporarily in Westchester County, I confessed to her how mercilessly I was tormented by two demons, one of whom reminded me whenever I was out of doors that I had work to do within, while the other relentlessly allured me into the open whenever I sat down at my desk to write, or read manuscripts, or correct proofs. And this is the way the facts clothed themselves in words in the poet's mind when she returned to town:—

THE RURAL MUSE

When down he sits to cultivate the muse
Some vine or tree unpruned invites outside;
Outside his study demon hard pursues,
And through the window pen and parchment chide.

MR. ANDREW LANG writes to me from Marloes Road, London, under date of July 19, as follows:—'A famous novelist regards the inclination to "write to the papers" as a nervometre. My nerves prompt me:—(1) To assure Dr. Rolfe that the statement about "scamels" being young godwits in Norfolk is correct, and is given on the authority of a Norfolk clergyman. (2) In a recent *Critic* some one thought that I regard Poe as an "unimportant" poet. He is not a Shakespeare, nor a Shelley, of course, but he is original enough to deserve the title of "important." I only meant that his original Boston volume of verses is not bibliographically "important," for its merits, or for various readings, as the Laureate's earliest volumes are (1830-1833). It is only curious for its rarity, and to pay three or four hundred pounds for it is to purchase an extravagantly expensive *biblot*, rather than a valuable book. (3) One of your correspondents, who does not recognize Mr. Saintsbury's allusion to Carlyle (*Critic*, No. 542, pp. 24-25) is more reasonably puzzled by "painting the judgments of God in purple and crimson." The reference is to a story called "The Hollow Land," in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* (1856). The tale is attributed, correctly, I believe, to Mr. William Morris.'

DR. ROLFE HAS already discovered (see 'Shakespeariana' in this week's *Critic*) that the *Daily News* was right in its account, of the scamel, but that this contribution to Shakespearian lore was by no means a new one.

I COULD NOT—nor did I try to—repress a smile when, simultaneously with the appearance of my exposure of Mr. Mackenzie Bell's efforts at self-advertising, last Saturday, the postman handed me an English-stamped envelope containing the thrilling intelligence that 'To the Author Mr. Mackenzie Bell contributes a poem in which he seeks to show that even summer has certain aspects of sadness peculiar to itself.' The note was labelled:—'For a "Gossip" column, from Mackenzie Bell, Putney, S. W.' This time, however, the poet—who might have learned more than he already knows about the sadness peculiar to summer if he had spent the last torrid week in July, as I did, in or near New York—had had the grace to prepay the postage on his little advertisement, so his correspondent did not have to pay eight cents to learn what Mr. Bell was doing, these hot sad summer days. The only Englishman I know who vies with Mr. Bell in the gentle art of advertising oneself is Mr. Bruce Joy, the sculptor. It is not a peculiarly British habit, I am happy to think.

STILL ANOTHER PUBLISHING-HOUSE has discovered that human vanity is a good thing to trade upon. This time it is a San Francisco concern that has gone into the business of printing biographical sketches of little-known authors, for the purpose of making a book that will have a certain sale assured in advance; so Buffalo and Chicago must look to their laurels. 'The Women Writers of the Pacific Coast and Specimens of their Best Work' the new book is called; and the circular announcing it bears upon its back a facsimile of one of the pages—appropriately enough, a portrait and sketch of the lady who edits the volume, and who has taken this opportunity of giving herself a good 'send-off.' The book is declared to be 'invaluable to editors and publishers all over the civilized world,' and particularly so to persons who take

a 'proper pride' in the 'daughters and step-daughters' of the 'country west of the Rocky Mountains.' The editor, it seems, has written a 'much praised and widely copied' short story called 'Le Chatte de le Diable.' I hope this successful tale is written in English. If it be in French as astonishing as its title, the Portuguese phrase-book must hide its diminished head, as a specimen of impossible composition.

IN THE NINTH EDITION of Mr. John Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations,' writes M. C., 'under the head of "Christopher Marlowe," the two first quotations ("Comparisons are odious" and "I am armed with more than complete steel—the justice of my quarrel") are credited to him as the author of "Lust's Dominion." This play was first printed as Marlowe's in 1657, sixty four years after his death. Mr. Collier proved in 1826 that it was not by Marlowe, but was the joint work of Thomas Decker, William Houghton and John Day. The Rev. Alexander Dyce was satisfied with the evidence brought forward by Mr. Collier, which should be convincing, and excluded the play from his admirable edition of Marlowe—(1850-65); and in all subsequent editions of the poet their judgment has been allowed.'

The Independent says that the following 'remarkable case of misconception is found in the *Revue Bleue*, for which civilization is indebted to M. de Wyzega':—

The United States of America possesses now but two poets, and they belong as much to France as to America. I refer to Mr. Stuart Merrill and Mr. Francis Viele Griffin. Among the living authors who write verses, neither Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, notwithstanding his physical resemblance to M. Renan, nor the old Quaker, Jean Feuille-Verte Whittier, notwithstanding his age and the purity of his intentions, nor Mmes. Ella Dietz, Emma Lazarus, Ada Isaacs and Zadel Gustafson, in spite of the grand number of their poems, not one of them is a real poet. Nor was James Russell Lowell a poet. But, on the contrary, Walt Whitman, the magnificent and noble old man, who has just died, was every inch a poet.

The Sweet Singer of Michigan, Mr. Bloodgood the Farmer Poet of Long Island, and Dr. Hylton the uncrowned Laureate of New Jersey, have been unaccountably overlooked in the *Blue Review's* blue review of current poesy in 'the States.' There is something monstrous in the suggestion that Mr. Merrill or Mr. Griffin is a bigger luminary than any of these three. M. de Wyzega's telescope is out of order.

I HAD MEANT to parody the appended paragraph from the Boston *Globe*; but it can't be done: none but itself can be its parody. Any attempt to make it more absurd than it is would involve too serious and deliberate an effort.

An ingenious reporter has been interviewing a number of celebrated authors to discover what are their habits and attitudes while writing. M. Alphonse Daudet, he tells us, smiles maliciously; M. Emile Zola repeats in a loud voice the phrase which is at the tip of his pen; M. Edmond de Goncourt moves his lips as if he were eating; M. Jules Lemaitre strokes his mustache with his left hand; M. Renan looks in the palm of his hand, as if to find inspiration there; M. Ludovic Halévy looks up to the ceiling to collect his thoughts; M. Meilhac puts his head into his hands to meditate; M. Jean Richepin taps on his desk when he is in want of a phrase; M. Francois Coppée lights a cigarette while searching for a rhyme; M. Henri Bornier scratches his head; M. Emile Bergerat whistles; M. Jean Rameau, when he is writing verses, seems to be thinking of something else; and, finally, M. Georges Ohnet appears to be thinking of nothing.

Magazines in California

THE FOLLOWING letter, addressed by the editor of *The Overland Monthly* to a literary journalist in the East, was written without any thought of publication—a fact that vouches strongly for its absolute frankness and sincerity. It is printed here (by permission) not with a view to stir up strife on the Pacific Coast, but simply for its interest as a study of literary conditions in the far West:—

NILES, CALIFORNIA, June 24, 1892.

MY DEAR —:

We are mailing from *The Overland* office a copy of the last volume of *The Overland*, which I hope you will find time to look over, and get a more connected idea of what we are doing than by means of the single numbers. I often feel that I wish the Eastern literary journals might have a little more intimate and detailed knowledge of our work. The peculiar development of letters on this coast is a most interesting phase in literary history, and one that has never been at all adequately and critically written. Nobody away from

here understands the conditions at all, and nobody here can write critically,—not by any means from lack of ability, but because the ones that are able are hardly free to write without too much embarrassment from personal acquaintance. The ones that have done it are not critical, and it amounts to little more than a naming of names. Of course people at a distance can judge just as well of our work on its merits as we can, but not always of its truth to the life, and not at all of the questions of environment, the relation of letters to the community life, and so on, that are so interesting and important in criticism.

I find, myself, a great deal in our position that seems to me analogous to what I suppose to have been the position of American letters in the days of dependence upon England,—or rather of the early growth of independence. I sometimes detect the same ignorance of what we are doing on the part of Eastern critics that used to characterize English ones in speaking of American matters, and have a moment of indignation when I see something that has been passed unnoticed in *The Overland* given respectful attention by the very same reviewers on its re-appearance from some Eastern publishing house; but much oftener I am partly amused, partly disappointed to see our California press begin to talk of an article as soon as the Eastern exchanges have come in, and the same article begin to sell on the stands then only. Indeed—this is a tale out of school—I am in the habit of advising a writer who wishes particularly to hit the San Francisco ear to aim at it by the way of New York.

We have indeed a curious combination of a mature and a crude literary condition here,—something that has never been analyzed in print, and that I hope I may some day find time to talk about in a careful article or two, when I am a retired editor, if that peaceful day ever comes. The most curious thing, I think, is the combination of a large writing class (transplanted, already made, from the best Eastern surroundings, either in the first migration or later, or grown up in the good libraries of the best pioneers), with a population at large uninterested in literature, and much absorbed in material interests: many writers, and of excellent quality, and few readers. This, of course, has been the difficulty of *The Overland*, as it has been of the University, and of everything of the sort: the people that do care for these things have exacting standards and aim at more than is usually aimed at in a new State, yet have not much more backing than in other new States, where they do not dream of undertaking such things. If there were as much capital as there should be in the magazine, the limitation of the reading class here would not matter much, because it is largely to the East that we look for readers in any case; but it is another result of the same condition that capital on this coast is drawn at once into some of the many directions of industrial development, and we have not a class of men with leisure, capital and the confidence in literary work that could lead them to invest it in any such way. This, of course, compels us and probably will continue to compel us to 'go slow' in many ways; though I think our readers feel that we go on with steady gain, and our future has never looked as well as now. But I do not imagine that within the next ten or twenty years it will ever be really easy work to keep a magazine of good standards going here.

One difficulty that has always bothered us, and continues to do so—more instead of less, I am sorry to say—is the growth of the 'boom' literature, which was mainly a discovery of Southern California during the years when the great real estate speculative period there was preparing. The discovery that advertising matter could be made into a regular literature, clever writers being detailed for it, good illustrations supplied, and the whole made salable as literature to readers, while it has already been paid for as advertising by interested parties, opens a double source of revenue to any capable person who chooses to avail himself of it. Of course this is not an unknown thing in the East, but it is so prevalent, so pressing a thing here, that it constitutes a real difficulty for *The Overland*. We have to come into competition with others whose articles are paid for to them instead of by them, and get little credit for the freedom of our pages from that sort of thing, because it is beginning to be so general a belief in California that all journals do it. Canvassers inquire how much they are to ask per page for advertisements, and how much for 'write-ups' in the literary pages; and their incredulity, changing to wonder and usually scorn, when they are told we do not do that sort of thing is both funny and pathetic. One man came into the office and wanted to canvass for us—said he was an old Californian, and had offers on other journals (I have reason to think this was quite true, and that he was a good sort of man), but he was fond of *The Overland* and could work for it with attachment and would not go elsewhere if we could employ him. When we came to the crucial point about the illegitimate articles, you never saw a man so astonished. He said no other magazine in the country paid for its articles instead

of being paid, and told me the exact price Gen. Bidwell paid *The Century* for the insertion of his articles last year. I do not know exactly where other magazines draw their lines, but as it chanced I did know the history of those Bidwell articles, and told the man what I knew; I do not think he believed me, however, and he went away in sorrow and pity. It is such an undetectable thing—an article on Alaska, for instance, may or may not be paid for by the steamship companies, according to the standards of the journal; on any locality by the railroads leading thither, or the hotel-keepers. I have been asked repeatedly in all good faith about Governor Stanford's terms for an article I wrote last year about his University. I do not know how much of a real injury this sort of thing is to the magazine in the long run; at present it is certainly an annoyance; it tempts constantly into the field a sort of competition that has us at a disadvantage through this source of income which we do not use. The bogus literature was not until recently so prevalent in Northern California as in Southern; possibly it has had its day there, and may in like manner wear out here, but it is an ever-present annoyance just now.

I like to have something of the work and environment of *The Overland* known to literary workers and critics in the East, for I think this is a chapter of history in the country that must be of interest at the literary capital; and we are separated by so wide a gap that your knowledge of what is going on at this outpost must depend in good part on an occasional private report like this, to supplement the cursory reading of our monthly product. I wish that sometime I might find myself in New York for a little while, and tell you more fully of what is doing at the California end of the line.

MILICENT W. SHINN.

Boston Letter

A DAY OR TWO ago Mr. William Lee narrated to me some incidents connected with the early history of *The Atlantic Monthly*—and next to Mr. Francis H. Underwood, the originator of the magazine, Mr. Lee is to be credited with the establishment of that time-honored periodical. While alluding to Mr. Underwood's influence on the magazine at the outset, Mr. Lee exclaimed, 'By the way, we are to publish a new book from Mr. Underwood's pen this year.' Of course I inquired regarding the work, and received this information: It is to be called 'Quabbin,' that peculiar title being the Indian name of a country town. No especial village has been selected as the scene of the book, but its pages are to describe the typical New England town and the typical New England townsman. More than that, the work is intended to point out the development of the Puritan character of the farmer of to-day, and to show the advance made by literature in the small towns of rugged New England. I judge that 'Quabbin' will be less of a story,—though the chapters are all connected by threads of interest,—than a series of thoughtful articles which can be read separately with profit by the people of the Bay State and their immediate neighbors, as well as by other Americans who are interested in the growth of mind in this olden section of the country.

Mr. Underwood is now at Enfield, Mass., his native town, and it was there that he revised the manuscript written, in great part, while he was abroad serving as Consul at Glasgow. A friend of the author has been travelling through Massachusetts towns with Mr. Underwood, taking photographs of picturesque scenes, and it is expected these pictures will be used to illustrate 'Quabbin.' In that case there will come a vivacious search for the originals of the views,—for that hundred-year-old house, for instance; or that quaint nook on the river; or that stately village mansion; or that well-tilled farm.

The gallery of portraits in Memorial Hall at Harvard College is to receive an addition, through the courtesy of William Cary Sanger of Waterville, N. Y., a member of the class of 1874 and a graduate of the Columbia Law School, class of 1878. The new picture is that of Mr. Sanger's great-grandfather, Rev. Dr. Zedekiah Sanger, one of the original members of the American Academy of Art and Sciences in Massachusetts. When the younger Sanger graduated at Harvard there were 164 members to gather around the tree on Class Day; when the older Sanger graduated, in 1771, there were 63 members. In the days of the last century the names of the collegians were printed in the catalogue in the order of the social rank of their families, instead of being arranged alphabetically, as now, and Zedekiah Sanger stood twenty-seventh in the list, above him being the names of Winthrop Sargent, afterwards Governor of the Territory of Mississippi; David Tappan, afterwards Professor of Divinity at Harvard; Samuel Phillips, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, and James Bowdoin (second in the list), afterwards United States Minister to Spain; Dr. John Warren was also in this class.

I have just ascertained who is the oldest graduate of Harvard College, in point of age. The Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness of Philadelphia, as I wrote in a previous letter, is the senior alumnus in point of graduation (class of 1820), and as he was ninety years of age the 20th of last April, and as no surviving graduate of the six classes succeeding 1820 can claim more years of age, it has been supposed that the Philadelphia divine held a double honor. But a few days ago Dr. Samuel A. Greene suggested to me that Dr. William L. Russell, of Barre, Mass., might be proved as the oldest graduate, and to him I therefore wrote. His answer, penned in a clear, firm hand, in spite of his age, reads as follows:—'I am reported and supposed to be 92 years in age. James Sullivan Russell, of Lowell, my brother, son of James Russell, of Carlisle, Mass., has the record of my birth, written, he says, in the handwriting of my father, who was a descendant of William Russell, of Cambridge, Mass. That record reads, I am told, though I don't remember that I have ever seen it, "William Lambert Russell, born October 28, 1799." I am now in good health, and have been ever since I came to Barre in March, 1831, to practice medicine, with the exception of *la grippe*, which I had mildly last winter. I wound up my practice in medicine about 1850, finding Barre to be a place too healthy to support well more than one physician, of whom we had at times from two to four. Since 1850 I have been busy in looking after my own health and affairs and that of my family.'

Mr. Hamlin Garland, a well-known apostle of realism in literature, has come forth in strong denunciation of the military punishment inflicted at Homestead on Private Iams. In these words he writes a communication to the *Globe*:—'I wish to publicly utter my solemn protest against the mad savagery of the colonel commanding the militia at Homestead. It is inhuman as Russia and despotic as China.' And, again, he declares:—'No Indian burnt at the stake could suffer more. He practically was murdered, and for what horrible thing? What atrocity had he committed? What unnamable horror had this young man been guilty of? Simply that of speaking his mind in a free country. God of liberty and justice, forgive the word!' Mr. Garland is the only literary man, so far as I know, who has spoken on this question, though the military leaders have been very free in their criticisms.

BOSTON, August 2, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Shelley Centenary

THE three aspects in which Shelley has appeared to the general reading public during the seventy-five or eighty years since he began to write are described in the leading review in this week's *Critic*. The occurrence of the first centenary of the poet's birth this week (Aug. 4) has naturally stimulated popular interest in his personality and writings, and we have scissored from the press certain specially interesting items appropriate to the occasion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE:—

SIR: Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex, on August 4, 1792. The centenary of his birth is, therefore, close at hand. As Shelley was the foremost man Sussex has given to the world of letters, the county has naturally taken the lead in organizing a centenary celebration. Meetings have been held at Horsham, and the following influential committee, fully representative of the town and neighborhood, has been appointed:—R. H. Hurst, J.P., D.L. (chairman, West Sussex Quarter Sessions), the Rev. C. J. Robinson (Vicar of Horsham), the Rev. R. Bowcott (Vicar of Warnham), the Rev. A. F. Young, the Rev. J. J. Marten, the Rev. C. M. Greenway, Mrs. Prewett, Miss Sadler, E. I. Bostock (chairman of the Local Board), Henry Michell, J. F. A. Cotching, T. Kirsopp, A. Agate, H. Churchman, J. Harrington, S. Price, William Sharp, J. Stanley Little and J. J. Robinson. With these are associated the president and honorable secretary of the Shelley Society, W. M. Rossetti and T. J. Wise.

At a meeting of this committee, held on Friday, June 17, it was decided that both on general and local grounds the most fitting memorial to the poet would be a 'Shelley Library and Museum,' to be established at Horsham. It is intended that the institution shall absorb existing libraries, and that it shall be governed in such a manner as to secure the support of all sections of the community. The library will include, in addition to general literature, all such works as may be specially connected with Shelley. In the museum a home will be found for such personal relics of the poet as the committee may be able to acquire.

The present opportunity of honoring and perpetuating Shelley's memory in the place of his birth is one of which students and lovers of his poetry in every continent will be eager to take advantage.

tage. For this purpose funds are needed, and this appeal is issued in the confident belief that there must be many who would wish to enable the committee to give complete and substantial expression to an aim so thoroughly in accord with Shelley's message to the world.

Subscriptions may be sent to the honorable secretaries, J. Stanley Little, Buck's Green, Rudgwick, Horsham, Sussex; and J. J. Robinson, *West Sussex Gazette*, Arundel, Sussex. Checks should be crossed 'London and County Banking Company, Limited, Horsham Branch,' and made payable to 'The Shelley Memorial Fund.' We have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servants, Tennyson, Coleridge, William Morris, Edward Dowden, Stopford A. Brooke, Richard Garnett, W. M. Rossetti, Leslie Stephen, Andrew Lang, Theodore Watts, William Sharp, H. Buxton Forman, Gabriel Sarrazin, Walter Besant, Frederick Leighton, Noel Paton, Onslow Ford, Henry Irving, W. B. Ripon, F. W. Farrar, Walter H. Pollock, Walter Crane, Edmund Clarence Stedman, E. Lynn Linton, Hallam Tennyson and Thomas J. Wise.

R. H. HURST, Chairman,
J. J. ROBINSON.

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE,
Honorable Secretaries.

On behalf of the Shelley Centenary Committee at Horsham.

SHELLEY AND THE PHILISTINES

[*The Pall Mall Gazette*]

The whirligig of time brings its revenges, and in no instance have the revenges been more marked than as regards the memory of Shelley. That Lord Tennyson and Lord Coleridge and a host of others should be anxious that the foremost Sussex man-of-letters should have a lasting memorial in his own county seems only in accordance with the fitness of things. But that Bishop and Archdeacon and rural vicars should unite in extolling the virtues of the author of 'A Defence of Atheism,' and should appeal to the public for funds to establish a library so that the artisan and yokel may have an opportunity of reading all the earliest editions of 'Queen Mab,' shows how opinion widens and charity grows. Shelley himself wrote of the 'imperishable change that renovates the world.' In his most sanguine moments he can hardly have hoped that ornaments of the Church within three-quarters of a century after his death would be doing their best to keep his memory green and to make his writings popular.

SHELLEY'S CREED

[George E. Woodberry, in *The Century*.]

Shelley's command was as simple, as direct as Christ's—'Love thy neighbor.' * * * It is so long now since man's knowledge of what is right has outrun his will to embody it in individual life and the institutions of society that new gospels, were they possible, are quite superfluous. What Shelley had that other men seldom have was faith in this doctrine, the will to practise it, the passion to spread it. There may be to our eyes something pathetic in such simplicity, as the belief of boyhood in goodness is pathetic in the sight of the man; something innocent, as we say, in such unworldliness, and again we intimate the eternal child in the poet's heart; but it is the simplicity and innocence—the pathos it may be—of what Christ taught. That Shelley believed what he said cannot be doubted. He thought that men might, if they would, love their fellow-men, and then injustice would of itself cease, being dried at its source, and that reign of mutual helpfulness, of the common sharing of the abundance of the earth's harvest, of man's enfranchisement from slavery to another's luxurious wants, would begin; war, poverty, and tyranny, force and fraud, greed, indulgence, and crime would be abolished. It was too obvious to need consideration; man was capable of perfection, and the method to attain to it was love, and this way, once adopted, as it could be, by the fiat of each individual will, would enthrone justice and spread virtue throughout the world. It was not reason that withstood this doctrine, but custom, tradition, interested individuals and classes, the active and law-intrenched power of institutions established for the security and profit of the few—a whole order of society resting upon a principle opposite to love, the principle of organized force. If this time-incrusted evil, this blind and deaf and dumb authority of wrong long prevalent, this sorry scheme of accepted lies, could be destroyed at a stroke, a simple resolve in each breast would bring heaven on earth.

This was Shelley's creed. It may be false, impracticable, and chimerical; it may be a doctrinaire's philosophy, an enthusiast's program, a poet's dream; but that it has points of contact and coincidence with gospel truth is plain to see; and in fact Shelley's whole effort may be truly described as an incident in that slow spread of Christian ideas whose assimilation by mankind is so par-

tial, uneven, imperfect, so hesitating, so full of compromise, so hopeless in delay. He had disengaged once more from the ritual of Pharisees and the things of Cæsar the original primitive commands, and made them as simple as conscience; he may have been wrong in the sense that these things are impossible to man in society; but if he was in error, he erred with a greater than Plato.

ARIEL

[Closing stanzas of a poem by Edmund Clarence Stedman in the *August Atlantic*]

WHAT joy it was to haunt some antique shade
Lone as thine echo, and to wreak my youth
Upon thy song,—to feel the throbs which made
Thy bliss, thy ruth,—
And thrill I knew not why, and dare to feel
Myself an heir unknown
To lands the poet treads alone
Ere to his soul the gods their presence quite reveal!

Even then, like thee, I vowed to dedicate
My powers to beauty; ay, but thou didst keep
The vow, whilst I knew not the afterweight
That poets weep,
The burden under which one needs must bow,
The rude years envying
My voice the notes it fain would sing
For men belike to hear, as still they hear thee now.

Oh, the swift wind, the unrelenting sea!
They loved thee, yet they lured thee unaware
To be their spoil, lest alien skies to thee
Should seem more fair;
They had their will of thee, yet aye forlorn
Mourned the lithe soul's escape
And gave the strand thy mortal shape
To be resolved in flame whereof its life was born.

Afloat on tropic waves, I yield once more
In age that heart of youth unto thy spell.
The century wanes,—thy voice thrills as of yore
When first it fell.
Would that I too, so had I sung a lay
The least upborne of thine,
Had shared thy pain! Not so divine
Our light, as faith to chant the far auroral day.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE CARIBBEAN SEA, May, 1892.

Barry Pain

[*Current Literature*]

THE CURIOSITY of Londoners, and our American reading-world in general, is just now excited over a new publication, 'In a Canadian Canoe,' by Barry Pain. When any work provokes comment or is handled by the critics, every one awakens to the fact that something original has stepped into their midst, and investigation ensues. Mr. Pain is an Englishman, born at Cambridge, in the year 1864. He was educated at Yorkshire, and at Corpus Christi, Cambridge. At the latter place he obtained a classical scholarship, and took the degree of B.A. in 1886. Mr. Pain taught classics for a while and scribbled away on 'varsity pages.' His first work, both in poetry and fiction, was not, however, fairly begun until he went to London to seek his fortune. Taking up his residence in a workingman's flat, he proceeded to study the lives of the people about him, the poorer classes about which so much both tragic and pathetic can be evolved. Characters replete with originality, accurate in conception, began to figure in his stories. The author's touch was strong, yet fine, and behind the realistic figures a background stood as strikingly suggestive as that of an artist's hand. From the first collection of stories, 'The Hundred Gates,' Mr. Pain's popularity grew. Editors at once recognized a new light in the literary firmament. The editor of *Punch*, Mr. Burnand, requested contributions for that paper. Mr. Pain became a regular contributor. He also joined *The Speaker*, every succeeding number having an article from his pen. *Black and White*, another prominent London periodical, also recognized the merits of the young author, and 'The Glass of Supreme Moments'—a high style of fiction—appeared upon its pages. It attracted much attention; as did all subsequent work. To-day the success of the author is assured. He is fairly launched on the sea of literature, and his vessel glides evenly on. His latest book, 'Stories and Interludes,' just published, is widely different from its predecessors. The stories themselves are different in tone and treatment, some of them bordering on the marvellous, and the verses forming the 'Interludes,' while strong and melodious in expression, are

tinged with pessimism and pantheism. In fantasy and supernatural writing, Mr. Pain is equally master of both. His personages are seemingly alive, his incidents life-like, and the true story-telling faculty is a gift accorded him by every one of his readers.

The Mother in Fiction

[The San Francisco Chronicle]

IT WOULD REALLY be more proper to say 'the mother who is not in fiction,' for no fact is more distinctly impressed upon the reader of romance than that the mother is a superfluous and troublesome creature with whom the novelist will have nothing to do. This is especially true of the mother of the heroine, for where, in the world of books, can we find a charming and interesting young female who has retained her maternal guardian until she stands on the threshold of womanhood? Let any lover of romance—and who does not love an enchanting story, well told, that deals with the passions and the frailties, the nobility and the depravity of humankind?—let such as these review the entire field of English fiction, since it had its birth in the daring conception of De Foe nearly two centuries ago, and bear witness to the cold-blooded manner in which the mother is almost invariably removed from the scene by disease, by accident, by violence—it matters not how. The one effort of the novelist seems to be to effectually and finally dispose of her. Fielding, Richardson and Smollet, the earliest of English novelists and the founders of the modern school, were quick to discover the inutility of the mother, and after one or two futile experiments, to sternly discard her. Walter Scott, canny with the wisdom of his race, made the same discovery at the beginning of his literary career, and his heroines are almost without exception motherless from an early age. Di Vernon, Rowena and Rebecca, Lucy Bertram, the Lady of the Lake, the Fair Maid of Perth, Constance—all were left motherless in infancy. Charles Lever and Bulwer lean to the same fondness for orphaned or motherless young heroines. Thackeray gives a little longer tenure of life to the mothers, not for the sake of romance, but rather in the face of its demands, and because he so loved to delineate the foibles and weaknesses of the race. Dickens, foremost and greatest of novelists, in his variety of character and power and originality of plot, rarely drew a mother except to caricature her, and not one of his more notable heroines but was either an orphan or possessed only of a father. Little Dorrit, Florence Dombey, Pleasant Riderhood, Jenny Wren, Ruth Chuzzlewit, Little Nell, Dot in the 'Cricket on the Hearth,' both of the leading juveniles—neither could be designated as heroines—in 'Great Expectations,' and the three distinct and never-to-be-forgotten drawings of lovable women in 'David Copperfield,' were motherless. The lesser novelists of the same school followed in the master's footsteps in this if in no other direction, and the few really notable romances that have since been published by English and American writers have the same characteristic. Lorna Doone, the heroine of Blackmore's greatest production, was motherless from infancy. The charming Princess of Thule had always been motherless. Ramona could not remember her mother. Miss Phelps, sympathetic humanitarian that she is, remorselessly murders the mother in her strongest tales. Mrs. Whitney, who, more than any other, has sought to draw beautiful and attractive pictures of the domestic life of the ordinary American household, repeatedly sacrifices the mother in an 'early decline,' no doubt with regret and tears. Even Howells, self-assertive 'realist' that he is, violates statistical accuracy in the proportion of mothers whom he permits to survive the trials of child-rearing.

Provincial Literary Centres

[The Chautauquan]

WE ARE MORE or less in the habit of accepting as true the impression that literature is a product of great cities. It has been said that in literature Paris is France, London is Great Britain, and we once thought of American letters as bubbling out of a Boston bung. A little careful examination, however, dissipates a large part of any general impression of the sort. It is true of the past that the publishing business thrived best in metropolitan places, and this fact has made great cities very attractive to literary folk. The metropolis, when it monopolizes printing, becomes a congregating centre for the makers of literature, rather than a centre for producing them. Small towns that still preserve the bucolic flavor, and whose streets are full of fresh air from the fields, are nevertheless the cradles of literary art, and it is to them we must go if we would study the influences which shape the character and give the initial impulse of artistic ambition. A provincial by birth, a metropolitan by adoption, is the biography of much genius. The enchantment of distance is nowhere greater than in the view taken of art and the art life by the isolated and unsophisticated youth

in whose imagination the dream of Parnassus is beginning to arise. The great far-off city is to him the New Jerusalem of romance. There, he fancies, dwell the muses and the gods.

Provincial life, on account of its limitations and restrictions, confines the activities of individuals, and compresses, as it were, the experiences out of which the rare wine of originality drips drop by drop. We could name a half-dozen poets now just beginning to make themselves heard in America who are isolated and insulated geniuses scattered at wide intervals over the country, far away from all of our great cities. In the South and West voices strong and clear arise with just that peculiarity of *timbre* which leaves no doubt of their originality and their independent vigor. Like nerve-centres, the scattered points where our literary activities originate seem to be independent of each other to a degree. We might call them the ganglions of the Nation's genius. Doubtless they are fertilized in some way from a common source of energy which belongs to us as a people; for, say what we may, American literature has a distinct flavor racy of our soil. If it is as yet scarcely National, it is at least differential [*sic*] from the literature of the Old World by a well-defined bouquet and by a smack and a zest all its own. A moment's thought will show the well-read inquirer that the distinctive Americanism of our literary art is due almost wholly to our provincial writers. We do not mean to say that the greatest examples of literary production are provincial; but we do say that the best defined American savor has to be looked for in the works of those who may be properly called provincial writers.

What has been well characterized as the urban influence is recognizable in the writings of the city-trained author who lives under the eaves of great libraries and is in constant touch with the literary crowd. To him striking originality is out of the question, as a rule, as is also notable National bias of imagination. Your metropolitan is always more or less cosmopolitan. The provincial lives close to nature, and if he has genius he absorbs from the unshorn, ungrafted forms of life the true secrets of passion, ambition and sympathy. He is in the circuit, and holds the live wire of universal aspiration. We think too much of mere workmanship, perhaps, to give the untaught bucolic genius its full dues. What we call art is of small value when it is but a cunning bauble of mechanism, without the soul which appeals to soul. The *quasi* maxim which declares that art can make anything and everything divine is a dictum of decadence. Freshness and originality, even though the chords be somewhat crudely sounded, are what furnish the true vigor of literature. If some one with a turn for the task should make a list of the Americans distinguished in literature who fledged the wings of art in lonely places far away from the literary crowd, it would look as if American literature were indeed nothing if not of provincial origin. We may be slow to perceive it, and may hesitate to acknowledge it, but the taproot of art always seeks the bed-clay of nature, and draws thence the elements of eternal vigor. What goes over the heads of the sturdy, intelligent masses is not the best art, though its refined mechanism or organism be ever so beautiful. Universality of appeal, that which touches high and low alike, is the supreme evidence of absolute art. The provincial with his ear close to the ground hears every throb of nature's heart. He may be a Philistine in one sense and a bungler as an artisan; but he is an interpreter, a revealer, a betrayer of divine secrets.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

MR. WHITTLE, of *The Century's* art department, has gone to England with the fine proofs of Mr. Cole's engravings of the Old Italian Masters, and Mr. Cole will leave his work long enough to meet him there and sign them; and in the autumn *The Century Co.* will bring out a limited number of copies of a portfolio containing these proofs, hand-printed on Japan paper, each separate proof signed by the engraver and by the printer.

—Mrs. Candace Wheeler of this city, President of the Society of Associated Artists, has been invited by Mrs. Potter Palmer to be Color Director of the Woman's Building at the World's Fair. She has already been authorized by the New-York State Board of Women Managers to decorate the library in the Woman's Building, with the aid of Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith and the Society of Associated Artists. The library is 50 by 35 feet, and there will be exhibited in it books by women authors only, which will be presented to the New-York State Library at the close of the exposition. It is planned to consolidate all the women's exchanges and decorative art societies in the country, their exhibit to be made in the Woman's Building. Applications from women of New York State to make exhibits should be addressed to Mrs. Florence C. Ives, chief clerk, the Capitol, Albany, N. Y.

—A monograph on the 'Older Forms of Terra-Cotta Roofing Tiles,' by Mr. Edward S. Morse, draws its facts in part from the author's own observations in Northern Europe, China and Japan; Graeber being quoted as to the early forms in use in Mediterranean countries. He gives many illustrations, some of which tend to show how easily the tile may be made an ornamental feature in domestic architecture. He does not believe in a very remote antiquity for this form of roof-covering. (Salem, Mass.: Essex Institute.)

—There was opened at the Palais de l'Industrie, in the Champs Elysées, Paris, on Aug. 1, an international exhibition of feminine arts, under the presidency of M. Georges Berger, Deputy. The Director-General of the exhibition, M. Marius Vachon is quoted as having said to the Associated Press correspondent:—The exhibition of jewelry exceeds in value that made on the Champ de Mars in 1889. It contains many curious objects which once belonged to celebrated women of the past. The museums of Prague, Vienna, London, Pesth, etc., have sent many contributions. One of the most interesting features is the international history of feminine costume. Rosa Bonheur is the honorary president of the art section of the exhibition, and the mother of President Carnot fills a similar place in the educational section.

Notes

HARPER & BROS. announce 'The Woodman,' a novel, by Jules de Gouvay (M. Guernay de Beaurepaire, Procureur-Général of France), translated by Mrs. John Simpson (*née* Senior); 'The Danube: From the Black Forest to the Black Sea,' by F. D. Millet, illustrated from drawings by the author and Alfred Parsons; 'The Desire of Beauty,' by Theodore Child; and 'A Family Canoe Trip,' by Florence Watters Snedeker.

—A portrait of Mr. E. A. Abbey is the frontispiece of the August *Book Buyer*. The frontispiece of *Book News* is a likeness of M. Zola.

—A project has been set on foot to form a Bibliographical Society in London, and at a meeting at the offices of the Library Association it was decided to form such a society. A provisional committee, consisting of Lord Charles Bruce, Dr. Garnett, Mr. Christie, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Charles Welch, and others, was appointed to carry out the matter. The secretary is Mr. Talbot B. Reed, of 4 Fann Street, E. C.

—Miss Ellen Terry will shortly appear before the public in a new part—that of author. She is going to publish a book in the coming autumn under the title of 'Stray Memories.'

—Mr. Edward Bok reports in his literary gossip that 'in the year 1865 three men lived together in the four rooms on the ground floor of the first division of the Cadet Barracks at West Point.' One of them—the Adjutant of the corps—was Capt. Charles King, the popular military novelist; another was 'a long, lank Californian,' R. H. Savage, author of the much-read novel, 'My Official Wife'; while the third was Prof. Arthur S. Hardy of Dartmouth College, author of the greatly admired 'Passe Rose,' 'But Yet a Woman' and 'A Wind of Destiny.' 'It was strange how these three men came together in cadet life, and not one of them in all probability ever dreamed that in days to come all three would become authors of stories so widely read in thousands of homes all over the land.'

—A pension of \$500 has been charged upon the British Civil List in favor of Eleanor Freeman, widow of the late historian. Mrs. Garden, the daughter of Hogg, 'the Ettrick Shepherd,' is to receive \$200 a year in consideration of her father's literary merits and of her own inadequate means of support. But luckier still is a doorkeeper of the House of Lords, who, after forty years' service, is retiring upon a pension of \$1000.

—Prof. Albert S. Cook of Yale is bringing out, through D. C. Heath & Co., 'The Bible and English Prose Style.'

—It is sometimes thought that English humor is not appreciated in America, says *The Publishers' Circular*, 'but the idea appears to be a fallacy. We hear of continued successes of English humorists in the land of Mark Twain. Mr. R. C. Lehmann's volume of parodies, "Mr. Punch's Prize Novelists," which appeared originally in *Punch*, will be issued in the middle of August simultaneously in England and America. The American edition will be published by the John W. Lovell Company, who are also issuing Mr. Anstey's "Music Hall Sketches," Mr. Grossmith's "Diary of a Nobody," Mr. Salaman's "Woman Through a Man's Eyeglass," and Mr. Zangwill's "An Old Maids' Club." Further volumes of a similar kind are announced by the same house for publication shortly.'

—*The Brooklyn Eagle* celebrates the occupation of its new home and the fiftieth anniversary of its birth by issuing a handsomely printed and fully illustrated pamphlet telling the history of the paper and describing its new quarters. The *Eagle's* new aerie is one of the finest newspaper buildings in the world.

—A. & C. Black announce a new edition of the 'Waverley Novels,' in twenty-five monthly volumes. An important feature of the 'Dryburgh Edition' will be the illustrations, 250 in number. Each volume will be entrusted to an artist whose qualifications seem specially to fit him for illustrating the period with which the novel deals; the illustrations, engraved under the superintendence of Mr. J. D. Cooper, will be printed separately from the letterpress. The text will be collated with the copy on which Sir Walter made his last notes, and which is now in the possession of the publishers. A font of type has been specially cast for this edition. Glossaries will be appended to each volume, and Vol. XXV. will contain an index to all the novels. The publication will commence next November, and the price will be five shillings per volume. A limited *édition de luxe* will be issued.

—Mr. Stevenson will probably give his readers a change for some time from South Pacific subjects, *The Athenæum* thinks. He is to bring them back to Scotland and the eighteenth century with 'David Balfour,' the serial publication of which will commence this autumn.

—Columbia College publishes at irregular intervals a *Bulletin* to record the progress of the University. In the last number there is a list of the publications of the professors and instructors during the past few months. As this list fills sixteen solid pages some idea may thus be had of the literary activity of the teaching staff of the University of the metropolis. From this list we discover that the admirable letters on American politics which have been appearing in the Paris *Temps* are due to Prof. Cohn.

—The first volume of Appleton's forthcoming military series, Capt. Mahan's 'Admiral Farragut,' will be followed by Gen. Howard's 'Gen. Taylor.' Gen. Bradley T. Johnson is writing the 'Washington' and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee the 'Gen. Lee'; while 'Gen. Hancock' is to be dealt with by Gen. Francis A. Walker.

—A second edition of Anna Katharine Green's 'Defense of the Bride' is in preparation at the Putnams.

—Althorp Library, which Lord Spencer some time since announced would be put up at public auction unless a purchaser for the whole could be found, has been sold to 'an Englishman.' It is said to be the most splendid private collection of books in the world. The purchaser will, it is stated, provide a suitable building for its reception, to which the general public will have free access.

—Mr. Thomas Cooper, the ex-Chartist orator and author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' a poem which he wrote during his imprisonment for sedition fifty years ago, is dead at Lincoln, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He had just been granted a governmental pension.

—*The Evening Post* calls attention to the fact that this year the copyright expires on 'The Scarlet Letter,' 'David Copperfield,' 'Pendennis' and 'Alton Locke.'

'The Scarlet Letter' went out of copyright early in the present year, and two or three cheap editions promptly appeared on the American market. In England, however, the event passed without notice, as the book had long since yielded the English pirate all the booty that could be wrung from it. On the other hand, American publishers are not affected by the knowledge that copyright on 'David Copperfield,' 'Pendennis,' and 'Alton Locke' ends with this year. Each of these volumes has been so freely appropriated in this country that the cessation of the author's rights in it will not influence its future price with us. But in England, where might has not been right in this matter, a keen competition is looked for among publishers, several of whom are understood to be prepared to flood the market, at the earliest moment allowed by law, with cheap editions of the popular books mentioned.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

ANSWERS

1888.—2. See Mr. Andrew Lang's letter to the Lounger on page 70 of *The Critic*.

1889.—From which volume of Cardinal Manning's Sermons does this extract come?—They were loving to themselves; self, with its hopes, and promises, and dreams still had hold of them; but the Lord began

to fulfill their prayers. They had asked for contrition, and He sent them sorrow; they had asked for purity, and He sent them thrilling anguish.'

NEWPORT, R. I.

K. L. H.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Barrie, J. M. Auld Licht Idylls. \$1.
 Boggs, S. E. The Hungarian Girl. 50c.
 Boston School Report.
 Brooklyn Daily Eagle, History of.
 Burgess, E. H. Loyalty. 25c.
 Connecticut School Documents and State School Report.
 Doyle, A. C. The Doings of Raffles Haw. \$1.
 Forrester, Mrs. Of the World, Worldly. \$1.
 France, Descriptive List of Novels and Tales Dealing with Life in. \$1.
 Georgia School Report.
 Lovell, Coryell & Co.
 Robert Bonner's Sons.
 Boston, Mass.
 Brooklyn: Eagle Office.
 A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
 Hartford, Conn.
 Lovell, Coryell & Co.
 Lovell, Coryell & Co.
 Cambridge, Mass.: W. M. Griswold.
 Atlanta, Ga.

Gerard, D. Etelka's Vow.
 Gréville, H. The Heiress. Tr. by E. C. Hewitt and J. Colmar.
 Hale, G. W. Police and Prison Cyclopedia. \$2.50.
 Hellprin, L. The Historical Reference Book.
 Henry, A. Nicholas Blood, Candidate.
 Indiana School Report.
 Macaulay, A. A Man's Conscience. 50c.
 Maine School Report.
 McClellan, W. B. Official Register of American Yachting. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
 Missouri School Report.
 Mitchell's Library Guide. \$1.
 Montgomery, D. H. Beginner's American History. 70c.
 New Hampshire School Report.
 New Jersey School Report.
 North Carolina School Report.
 Pearce, J. H. Inconsequent Lives.
 Rhode Island School Report.
 Riddell, Mrs. J. H. The Head of the Firm. \$1.
 Shakespeare, W. Richard II. King John. (Bankside Edition.)
 Smith, B. A Trip to England. 75c.
 Trumbull, M. M. Free Trade Struggle in England. 75c.
 Wisconsin School Report.
 D. Appleton & Co.
 Worthington Co.
 Lawrence, Mass.: G. W. Hale.
 D. Appleton & Co.
 Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.
 Indianapolis, Ind.
 Harper & Bros.
 Augusta, Me.
 Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
 Jefferson City, Mo.
 Mitchell's.
 Boston: Ginn & Co.
 Concord, N. H.
 Trenton, N. J.
 Raleigh, N. C.
 Lovell, Coryell & Co.
 Providence, R. I.
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 Shakespeare Society of New York.
 Macmillan & Co.
 Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
 Madison, Wis.

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